

Magazine Feature Section

HYMN OF HATE HAS INTENSIFIED BITTERNESS BETWEEN TWO NATIONS

Germans Declare Several Generations Will Pass Before Deep Hatred of England Dies Down—They Do Not Feel the Same Toward Their Other Foes—Hatred That Inspired the Poem Increases As War Goes On



KING GEORGE, OF ENGLAND

The deep hatred between Germany and England has grown until an age of peace and generations of sober-mindedness will never remove. In Germany the dislike of England has been expressed in the "Hymn of Hate," written by Ernest Lissauer, and in England the wrath against Germany finds expression in ridicule of the kaiser.

While there is a natural enmity between foes in battle, in the present great European conflict it only takes the form of bitter, permanent hatred in as far as the two great leading nations are concerned.

The attitude of Germany against her other foes is rather that of pity than hatred. For all its evils, for all its woes Germany blames England.

It is predicted that this war will not come to an end until Germany has punished England or has sacrificed its last soldier in the attempt.

Germany's greatest bitterness for her foe developed when England released its savages on the troops of the kaiser. From India and Africa were gathered the wildest of fighters, the primitive men who since the creation of the world have advanced but little out of the cave-men's class. Their methods of offense are almost the same as those of the wild men of the Palaeolithic age of more than 5,000 years ago.

FIGHTING WILD MEN.

While not afraid of this savage foe, Germany felt that it was a blow at her highly developed civilization to compel her to face these wild men of Asia and Africa. It cried out against the white man being made to fight the fiendish remnants of a forgotten era.

The German hatred was fanned to flame when the influence of the English turned the hordes of Russia loose. Germany, while fighting the desperate battle of a hemmed in foe, has construed every act of its opponents as the direct result of Eng-

lish influence.

As the "Hymn of Hate" sets forth: "We have one foe and one alone—England." When Great Britain attempted to cut off all supplies to Germany, that country felt it deeply, not that it was not a justified act of war, but because the great German empire was made subject in a certain way to the dominance of England's great sea power.

Germany's submarine activity has been almost solely devoted to reprisal on Great Britain. The greatest desire of the nation has been to sweep England from the sea. This has been given as one reason for the German fleet remaining in safety near Helgoland.

Were Germany just fighting in an ordinary war it long ago would have sent its fleet out to meet that of the British and to then and there decide the matter of supremacy. But with hatred comes craft. Hatred can be satisfied only by the greatest measures of reprisal. It seeks to forever crush its foe and it conserves all of its energy to strike the telling blow that will result in satisfied vengeance. When men are just angry they fight wildly and indiscreetly. But when they hate they seek to snare their foe, they plan all manners of reprisal, they conserve all their energies for the master stroke that will gratify the desire for vengeance in a final victory.

Germany has made the greater majority of its Zeppelin raids on England, although France is nearer and more easily raided. The aeroplanes and Zeppelins have made perilous journeys across the channel to strike fear into the hearts of their opponents and to seek revenge on its innocent inhabitants.

BRITISH SATIRE.

England has devoted its entire expression of hatred for Germany in satire and this has mostly been directed against the kaiser and German "kultur."

To the "Hymn of Hate" England has replied through its poet-laureate Watson, in a poem against the kaiser the most significant stanza of which is:

"Open the grave,
Lower him in:
Laughter and mirth,
Let them begin."

In fact the two nations have allowed this battle of hatred to be taken by its poets and in this connection it has been remarked that the poets of England have been sad failures as far as writing martial verse is concerned.

Poet Kipling has shown himself as a failure when it comes to writing verse that might inspire a greater enlistment against Germany, residents of Berlin declare, while Poet Watson, too, has failed to produce the verse that might have an inspiring effect on the war forces of a nation.

On the other hand, Germany argues, Ernst Lissauer has come forward with a striking poem that has heaped fuel on the fire of German hatred for England and expresses that undying enmity and bitterness that whole ages of peace can never remove—a hatred that it seems will last until either of the two nations finally wreath an almost eternal victory from the other.

EXPLAINS HIS VERSE.

His explanation of his verse is expressed as follows: "The occupation of East Prussia by the Cossacks made an impression on my soul from which I never shall be freed. But you can't hate anything so far beneath you as these Tartars, Mongols and Cossacks.

England has made herself one with these and we can hate England.

"When all these barbarians came pouring in upon us in August and September of last year I could see England behind them, urging them on."

This man generally supposed outside of Germany to be the embodiment of German bitterness, has never set foot on English soil, does not speak the English language, has because of his quiet way of living met fewer traveling Englishmen than the average German, and admits that the closest personal connection with the country toward which he is supposed to feel so intensely, is that a distant relative of his lives in London—a great aunt.

On the other hand his consciousness is full of the thought of the enormous empire to the east of Germany that stretches across two continents, and hangs like a dark cloud on the German horizon.

Lissauer's most intimate friend was killed within the last year while helping to defend Germany—not on its western, but on its eastern frontier—against Russia.

The Hymn of Hate became legendary within the first few weeks of its existence. The story ran that it had been written by a member of the Tenth Bavarian Infantry, known for its recklessness and fury in assault.

Only a soldier in the midst of actual fighting, it was said, "could have written a chant so full of martial spirit." Archibald Henderson spoke of it as having appeared in an illustrated weekly. But the editor never had been given the privilege of rejecting it. No one seemed to know where it had appeared, for it ran like wild-fire through all the German press.

FORESAW THE WAR.

Lissauer foresaw the present war a few years ago. He pointed out the probability of a great European conflict to a friend of his. The friend had laughed at him, declaring such a war would be impossible, and Lissauer had been covered with the confusion that overtakes the dreamer when his intuitions are confronted by the hard, cold facts of the practical business man. But

the poet was right. Today the same friend lies buried in Poland, and the poet's few short stanzas about the war are better known than any of the other writings of students of European history or of practical politicians.

There are newspapers that wage a systematic campaign against the poem and on the other hand there are banking houses which have hundreds of copies of the poem in three languages and inclosed them in every letter to a neutral country. This is highly significant—that Lissauer received the decoration of the Order of the Red Eagle on the last birthday of the kaiser.

Lissauer explains the inspiration of his poem as follows:

"In those first few weeks of the war a strange feeling came over me. It was as though the earth had changed—as if Germany had been with terrible suddenness physically cut off from other countries—as if there were a thick fog between Germany and the rest of the world. Then came the invasion of East Prussia. I learned, from the lips of eye-witnesses of the terrible cruelties and barbarities of those savage hordes when they invaded our country. I shall never get over the impression those stories made upon me.

"As I thought of what was happening there in East Prussia, it seemed to me as if I could distinguish towering behind these half-Asiatic hordes, urging them on the figure of our cousin, England.

HIS INSPIRATION.

"Then the mist around me seemed to become darker and thicker, particularly toward the west until I could stand it no longer. I happened to be very busy at that time, had no leisure just then to write a poem, no desire to do so. But then there was something in me that wanted to be expressed, something that was too powerful to be resisted.

"A friend to whom I read this poem, soon after I had written it, declared that it was a poem for the millions. How true that was I did not realize until the day after he had it published through a syndicate simultaneously through the newspa-

pers all over Germany.

"Letters and telegrams began pouring in on me at once, and now after a year the number is still increasing."

Lissauer is not a man of hate but his verse expresses the real attitude of Germany toward her natural foe.

The poet has expressed no idle sentiments. He has not allowed his desire to write to dictate his words. He has but crystallized the sentiment of an entire nation—he has defined for Germany its attitude against its foe—he has centered this hate into a mass against England and his verse has fanned into flame the deep anger the Germans have because of their isolation, their lack of food and their bitter trials during the war.

The conflict must end some time and peace will be restored but in generations to come the "Hymn of Hate" will be read in the schools and at the German firesides and if ever this bitter conflict is forgotten by generations to come this poem may again kindle the flame and between Germany there shall always exist that great, undying and irremovable barrier—HATE.

Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate"

French and Russian they matter not,
A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot;
We love them not, we hate them not,
We hold the Weichsel and Vistula,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone.

He is known to you all, he is known to you all,
Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,
He crouches behind the dark-gray-flood,
Cut off by waves that are thicker than blood,
Come, let us stand at the judgment place,
An oath to swear to, face to face,
An oath of bronze no wind can shake.

An oath for our sons and their sons to take.

Come, hear the word, repeat the word,
Throughout the Fatherland make it heard,
We will never forego our hate,
We love all but a single hate,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe, and one alone—England!

In the captain's mess, in the banquet hall,
Sat feasting the officers, one and all,
Like a saber-blow, like the swing of a sail,
One seized his glass held high to hail;
Sharp-snapped like the stroke of a rudder's play,
Spoke three words only: "To the Day!"

Whose glass this fate?
They had all but a single hate,
Who was thus known?
They had one foe, and one alone—England!

Take you the folk of the Earth in pay,
With bars of gold your ramparts lay,
Bedeck the ocean with bow on bow,
Ye reckon well, but not well enough now,
French and Russian, they matter not,
A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot,
We fight the battle with bronze and steel,
And the time that is coming Peace will steal,
You will we hate with lasting hate,
We will never forego our hate,
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the land and hate of the hand,
Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
Hate of seventy millions, choking down,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe, and one alone—England!